### THE THUNDER STORM.

By William Creighton Lee, Jr.

(Copyright, etc., by S. S. McClure, Limited.) It was in the late spring in Florence, when prown, bare-legged men fished in the shallows of the Arno, and birds were singing among the sun-flecked myrtles in the Caseine, that I met Challoner. He was a pleasant Englishman with a touch of gray in his hair, and a note of reserve in his voice and manner, that disappeared on our becoming better acquainted. We were seated together at the table d'hote, and when Florence was at its leveliest, and people began to leave because of the heat, Challener took the room next to mine, and the door of communication was nearly atways open after that, He knew Florence and its history well, and we not only trod its narrow streets together, but went out into the country, lunching at little inns and rambling along the Arno, or on the hills, where we could watch the city gleaming in the sun below. They were pleasant days and passed all too quickly, and when Challoner finally announced his determination of leaving Florence, I was sincerely sorry to lose his companionship. I decided to go north also, and in the afternoon of our last day in Florence, as we were walking down the Tornabuoni to our bankers, I said:

Why couldn't we travel together? "Oh, well-I would be very pleased, but I'm -ah-I'm going to meet friends, you know, and I'm rather bound, don't you see." He was evidently embarrassed and felt he was not polite. "Oh, of course, in that case it can't be done, I said.

"I would really prefer to go with you," said Challener warmly, "but I can't manage. I hope you don't think I'm rude?"
"Not at all," I said. "Why should I?"

I had, beside my letter of credit, a draft for three thousand franca, which had just been sent to me in payment of a dividend, and as I was going to travel rapidly for a white, and had a constant feer of losing the draft, I decided to each it though I objected to taking so much money with me as a usual thing. "How will you have this?" the cashier saked

In Bank of England notes," I answered. You're wise," said Challoner, "They're light, and good all over the world. I've travelled a bit, and learned that among other things."

me, when my draft had been duly accepted.

Challoner left me at the door of the bank and went back to pack his things, and I went up to Miniato to see the view again. Giotto's white tower and the red-brown dome of the Cathedral rose above the city roofs more effectively than usual that afternoon, and the Arno had turned to a deep, changeful blue that seemed to harmonize equally well with the yellow tone of the sunny town, the gray of the bridges, and the bright green of the valley through which it flowed. The result was that the eyes were feasted at the expense of the stomach, and I was very late at table d'hôte, But so was Challoner, who had just finished packing, so we ate our dinner together, and lengthened it with conversation, much to the disgust of the perspiring polyglot waiter. Challener insisted on my grinking champagne with him, and also on my going with him to the ballet at the " Politeama" to see the newest feature. It was a curious effect in black and white. At first a darkened stage, in whose darkness one gradually became aware of motion, then white forms of women were seen gliding here and there through the gloom, and so with weird returns from light to darkness, to a sudden blaze of silvery light that revealed the white arms and flowing black hair nd the flash of snowy limbs under the floating gauze as the dancers whirled round in a sweeping bacchanalian dance.

I remember that Challoner said he thought it would be better if they "turned some black light on the white effect," and then we left the theatre and went to the notel. We were in our rooms, and I had just thrown

off my cont when I felt the package in the pocket. The door between our rooms was open, and I called to Challoner. What is it?" he said, coming to the door,

"I've forgotten to leave my money in the manager's safe," I said, as I dropped the package on my bed. By Jove!" said Challener, " so have I. Let's

go down and try it on now." We pulled on our coats and went down stairs. The porter was talking to a sleepy waiter, and

Challoner asked him for the manager. "He is two boors in bed," said the man. "Can you open the safe?" I said. No. Signore. Only the manager can. Did

you want to get something out?" No," said Challoner. "We want to put something in." "I am very sorry," said the porter, and he

raised his gold-banded cap and wish "happy night" as we went up stairs. I put my money under my pillow and so did

Challoner, but he put his few English notes under his mattress, saying he felt anxious, "I don't," said I, and bidding him good-night

I half shut the door between the rooms and was The next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed

about half awake listening to a most tremendons thunder storm. The windows were open. and though the wooden shutters were closed, I could see the quick flashes of the lightning outside and hear the rushing downpour of the rain between the deafening peals of thunder. I lay back on the pillow and tried to sleep, but was always brought back to wakefulness by a more vivid flash of lightning or rattling burst of thunder just as I was losing consciousness.

Lying thus in the darkness I happened to open

my eyes, and saw, apparently suspended in the air, at about the middle of my room, a white hand. It was perfectly motionless, and stood out in the inky darkness like a hand of white marble set against black velvet. I closed my eves wondering if I were dreaming of the white ballet, but when I opened them again the hand was still there. I had not the slightest belief in was still there. I had not the slightest belief in ghosts or supernatural happenings, and felt no fear of the still white hand till, as I looked, the forefinger moved slowly with a besoning motion, and then stopped. Three times the white finger of that otherwise motionless hand repeated the motion, as it beckoning, but not to me, and at the third movement I saw another hand coldly, vividly white, evolve itself set of the darkness and float over slowly to the first one, where it stomed.

the darkness and float over slowly to the first one, where it stopped.

My sensation, which had at first been surprise and wonder, had gradually and imperceptibly increased to a strange fascination that held me spellbound, watching those cold, white hands to see what they would do next.

I had not long to wait. I remember vaguely wondering if the arms they should belong to would be also beckoned out of the darkness, and perhaps the head and body of some ghostly visitor to complete the whole.

But what happened was quite different and more terrible,

But what happened was quits different and more terrible.

The white, inscrutable hands were motionless for a moment, and then moved toward each other. The fingers spread appet and interlocked, always with the same slow and gradual motion, and the thumbs at first touched lightly and then pressed tightly together till the muscles of the hands stood out like whipcord, and the apaces they encircled narrowed to a little irregular spot of blackness.

When the pressure seemed so great that the muscless almost snapped, the hands relaxed slowly, and gradually separated and became motionless as before. Three times, as in the former case, the hands performed this motion, and at the second time I realized that it was the

slowly, and gradually separated and became motioniess as before. Three times, as in the former case, the hands performed this motion, and at the second time I realized that it was the motion of strangling. During this time I was the motion of strangling. During this time I was dimly conscious that the storm continued with unabated fury, though all my attention was fixed on those white, dreadful hands. Again they were motioniess for a moment, and then they began to move through the air toward me. Slowly, evenly, steadily they came, and as the space between us gradually lessened, for the first time in my life I realized the human horror of the supernatural. I tried to speak, to move, but I could do neither. My tongue was rarched and useless, my muscles as limp as sik cords, and my tingling nerves structhed to the broashing pitch. I could only watch the ghastly hands of living marble as they came ever nearer, nearer, till they were hanging over me, close to my face; till the fingers curved and spread apart ready to clutch.

ready to clutch.

Then making one last supreme effort in the horror of the moment I threw myself out of the bod and fell in a heap on the floor. Just then a blinding flash of lightning it the room for a second with its glare, and I saw the black all-houcte of a figure bending over the place where I had been.

had been.
In the black darkness that followed, while the walls reverberated with the crash and bellow of the thunder. I leaped, in the intensity of fear that demands action, onto the hed, with the checked lists striking into the dark.

My blows fell harmless on the sir. I found sothing. the door opening into Challenger and tried to open it, but it held fast. I slid my hands rapidly over knob and keyhole, and was confronted with a new problem. When I went to bed I had left the door partly open. Now it was not only shut and locked, but the key was It was the work of a few moments to open the door, stumble in the dark over Challoner's open value to his bed, grab him by the shoulder, and

aske him violents.
"All right. Five o'clock?" he said, sleepily.
"Charloner, wake up!" I cried.
"What's the matter? Who's that?" he asked,

"What's the matter? Who's that?" he asked, more roused.
"It's !. For Heaven's sake, get up and light a candle!" and in a moment the dicker of a candle showed me Challoner leaning over on his pillow with eyes half shut against the light.
As the fiame sprang up and he saw me clearly, he impred out of bed and asked. "By Jove! what's the matter? You look dreatful!"
"I feel so," I replied. "I've seen a ghost."
"A ghost?" repeated Challoner. "My dear fellow really you ought not. People don't see ghosts nowadays." He sat on the edge of his bed and smiled elecylly.
"May be; but I have. Look." and I drew my hand across my forehead and shook the heads of sweat from it. eat from it. By Joye!" exclaimed Challoner. He was

By Jove," exclaimed Challoner. He was fully awake now.
I dropped into a chair and told him my story hurriedly, and when I described the silhouette of the figure revealed to me by the flash of lighting Chilloner junted up.
You think you've seen a ghost," he said excitedly, but you've seen a righter.

"You think you've seen a ghost," he said excitedly, "out you've seen a robber."
"No," said i, "a ghost, or else a murderer,"
"My dear fellow," said thalioner, "do be reasonable! Is your money all right?"
The question aroused me like an electric shock.
"I don't know," I said, and hurried into my room, followed by Challoner, Trembling, I lifed the pillow—but the notes were gone:
"As I thought," said Challoner. "This is bad."
"It's more than bad," I said, "I can't afford to lose that money. And, good heavens: Challoner, my watch is gone, too, and my purse. There was nearly 50 francs in that!"
"Oh, I say, that is too bad, really," said Challoner. "Come into the hall and see if we can find any trace," and taking the candle from me he stepped to the door leading into the hall, but as he turned the knob stopped with an exclamation of surprise.

n of surprise. By Jove, the door's locked, and the key's on the inside," he said.
"Well, I locked it myself last night before i went to bed," I replied, "but the remarkable thing is this: When I went to bed last night that door between our rooms was ajar, but when I tried to get into your room just now it was not only shut and locked, but the key was on the

inside."
Challoner gave a low whistle, "I must say that was inysterious," he said.
"Yes," said I, "burglars can't lock doors and leave the key on the other side."
"Fernaps you locked it in your sleep," said. oner, sever walked in my sleep—why should I "I asked, "Besides, I wouldn't steal my

now?" i asked. "Resides, I wouldn't steal my own money and watch."
"Naturally," said Challoner. Tout when you threw yourself out of bed you might have dragged your watch and money out in the bed-clothes," and he pointed to the disordered heap on the drag. clothes," and he pointed to the disordered heap on the floor.

"But," I objected, "when we came in the pillow was in place. If I had dragged the lower sheet and the pillow out with me when I jumped that would be reasonable, but there they are, undisturbed," and I pointed to the bed.

Nevertheless, we searched the bedclothes, the

bed, and even the room, but found nothing. Then, as the night air was cold after the storm, I hastily pulied on a dressing gown and slippers and followed Challoner into his room, thorough-

But as Challoner walked across the room he truck something with his bare foot, picked it in, and handed it to me with a cry of surprise.

It was my purse, torn and empty!

"Well," said Challoner in amazement, "how

"Well," said Chambler and the did that come here?"
And just then I saw another clue, "Look, Challoner, look," I whispered, pointing to the door that opened on the hall. "That door's not shut tight."
"Good Heavens, you're right," said Challoner, springing to the door, which was pulled to, but ed the door, but the halls were dark As we shut the door I said, "Better look after your own money, Challoner. The burgiar's been here, tee." here, too.

Challoner ran to his bed and pulled off the pillow. There was nothing there. He then searched eagerly under the mattress and found his little pile of bank notes.

"Where's your watch?" I asked.

We found it on the dressing table, partly hid-

"Where's your watch?" I asked.
We found it on the dressing table, partly hidden under a cravat.

"Well," said, I "you're in luck."

"Pretty poor luck," said Challoner. "I'm not rich, and this means economy for some time."

"yea, but think of me," I said, "I've lost everything."

"It's dreadful, my dear fellow," replied Challoner, "and I feel responsible for it; I must have forgotten to lock my door.

But action was necessary now, so together we softly went down stairs, over the mosaic paved hall, and waked the porter. He was aiarmed and astonished, and with him we went to the manager's room and roused him also. He questioned the porter closely, but the man insisted that no one had gone out or come in since we did. We made a tour of inspection, however, and the manager not only saw that all the doors were locked, but took the keys away with him. Then we went back to our rooms, our flickering candles lighting dimly the frescos of the halls.

When we reached our rooms we sat and smoked, waiting for morning.

"I don't see how he managed it," I said.

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"Then he went to your room, locking the door after him so I couldn't help you if you called. Then he robbed you."

"But," I persisted. "how, after robbing me,

Then he so I couldn't help you if you called.
Then he robbed you."
"But." I persisted. "how, after robbing me, could he have gone out through that door and left it locked on the inside."

not a scrap of evidence against the porter, they were discharged.

Then, their official sense of duty being entirely satisfied, the Florentine police relapsed into their normal condition of masterly iractivity. I will add that we said nothing to any one about the ghostly white hands. Challoner did not altogether believe in them, and I was ashamed to admit that I did. Besides, you can't arrest a ghost, especially when he is nothing but hands. We waited two days, and then Challoner received a telegram from his friends in Lucerne, telling him to hurry up. He showed it to me and said:

"I'm coing. The money's gone and there's telling him to hurry up. He showed and said:

"I'm going. The money's gone, and there's no use throwing more after it."

"I think there is," I said, " and I'm going to wait and see, at all events."

"I think there is," I said, "and I'm going to wait and see, at all events."

So Challoner went to Lucerne, offering to pay half the expenses if I found the money, and I went to the police again and greased the wheels of justice by offering 1,000 francs for the recovery of the money with or without the thief, and 200 for the thief alone.

It acted like magie. Next day they arrosted three men on suspicion, but they were proved innocent and disonarged. Then the chief advised me to leave Florence in order to lull suspicion, and said events would be watched. So I went disconsolately back through the hot streets to my room and packed.

I had left open the door that led into Challoner's deserted room, for coolness sake, and as I was busity packing, a little draft of air swung the door shut. I turned the knob ould it open, but the door shut furnes that knob to null it open, but the door, but it resisted all my efforts. As I dropped the knob, greatly surprised, a sudden thought struck me, and kneeling down I looked carefully into the crack of the door at the lock. The door was locked, and the key on the inside. Instinctively, I turned around, trembling, and looked for those ghastly hands floating in the air. Nothing was there, of course, but in spite of heat and daylight I shivered.

I unlocked the door and made a careful search of both rooms. Having satisfied myself that I was earlied and the key primenting with the enchanted door. Briefly, the result was this:

I found that the door shut almost noiselessly.

was this:
I found that the door shot almost noiselessly, that there was a narrow strip of felt against which the door fell when shut, and that the slot into which the door fell when shut, and that when the slot into which the lock worked was also lined with thin felt. But further, I found that when the lock protruded about a sixteenth of an inch from the door, the Jar of the door's shutting made it lock itself, and with only the faintest click of sound. A little extra force would turn the lock back level with the door, but after many trials I found that I always stopped turning the key at the point of first resistance, when the longue of the lock protruded slightly from the door. A noiseless turn of the key, and presto! the enchanted lock became normal.

Truly, Challoner was right. This was the work of an expert. Probably some one employed in the hotel. Voices carry far, too, in those lofty mosale-paved halls and corridors, and some one lingering in the dark might have heard us tell the porter we wished to pit something in the safe. Who knows?

Important as this clue was, though, it only its: bud that the door shut almost noiselessly,

served to puzzie me still more, so I went on with my packing, left my banker's address with the police, and started by the night train for venice. When I left my room at the notel, the cham-bermaid had given me, in hopes of a larger fee, no doubt, a little photograph of Challoner that she had found in his room when cleaning it no doubt, a little photograph of Challener and she had found in his room when cleaning it after his departure. I was very glad to get it, as I liked Challoner, and gave her an extra franc, much to the chagrin of the "Boota."

From Venice I went to Como and crossed into Switzerland, where I met friends.

Time passed, and I grew more hopeless, till about the middle of August, when hope re-

turned.
There is a dreary time just about dawn, when There is a dreary time just about dawn, when a man is prone to wake and meditate on his sina, past, present, and possible.

It was during such a period of meditation, when thought was abnormally quickened, that a new clue, a new phase of the robbery occurred to me. Next morning, despite my friends' expostulations as to the uselessness of my search, latarted for Florence. On arriving, I sought the Chief of Folice and told him my theory.

"Diavolo" he cried. There are still witches.

"Jayolo," he cried, "There are still witches.

Wishing to remain unknown I spent a week very quietly, not even going to the bank for chance letters. At the end of the week I grew restless and went to see the chief. He was hopeful, Indeed much had happened. But yesterday the police of Venice had come upon the robber's track. The nest was warm, but the bird had flown. He evidently suspected nothing. It was further known that he had started for Switzerland, so the frontier police had been notified and would watch for him.

"Do you think he will be caught?" I said,
"Surely," cried the chief. "The devil him-

notified and would watch for him.

"Do you think he will be caught?" I said.

"Surely!" cried the chief. "The devil himself could not escape!" In his exuberance he shook me by the hand and laughed pleasantly. Such is the hope of reward.

So, walking home in an aimless way, I turned into the narrow little via Teatina that leads to the via de Buoni, where stands the libreria cornelio, in whose garden I had often siaked my thirst with beer, beneath the green roof of trellised vines.

Imagine my astonishment when, on entering the garden, I saw Chailoner seated at one of the further tables, beside a glass of foaming beer.

As I walked quickly toward him I called his name, delightedly. At the sound he Jumpel from his chair, upsetting the little table and his beer in his surprise.

"Where did you drop from, Challoner?" I asked, as we shook hands.

"Oh, I'm a rover, as you know," he answered.
"But what can have brought you to Florence at this time. You can't have business here?"

"Yes, I have," I replied. "Important business, too, I am money hunting!"

"My dear fellow," said Challoner, with a deprecating smile, "you might as well innot for gold under a rainhow, It is useless. Why send good money after bad? I have given up hope long ago."

"Nonsense." I repided. "All money is good, and, besides, my hope was never stronger." sense," I replied. "All money is good,

ope was never stronge

"Nonsense." I replied. "All money is good, and, besides, my hope was never stronger."

I ordered beer for both of us. When the waiter had brought the beer and left us I said:

"The Chief sand if are sure we are on the track of the thief, and will get him soon. How does that strike you. Challener?"

"Really!" said Chailoner, eagerly.

"Yes." I replied, "it's beyond question. In fact, I have in my pocket a warrant of arrest, am armed with a badge and credentials, and carry a convenient revolver in my pocket. So you see I am a police detective, pro tem."

"But surely that can't be legal." said Challoner. "You're not an Italian citizen."

"I guess it's legal enough." I said. "Any how, I'l risk the legal part and try it on. And, by Jove! Challoner, we'll get our money back."

"My dear fellow," said Challoner, warmig, 'I begin to hope once more, your enthusiasm is so catching. For my part, I can never repay you for all your trouble." He held out his hand to me across the table smiling genially.

But I did not take his hand. Pushing back my chair, I said: "Yes, you can repay me for my trouble, Challoner. You can repay me those 3,000 francs."

"What do you mean?" said Challoner, in 3,000 francs."
"What do you mean?" said Challoner, in surprise, lis arm still stretched across the table.
"I mean," said I, "that this warrant bears your name," and I unfolded and shook it out before his overs.

re his eyes. For a moment the outstretched hand quiv-ed and the face across the little table opposite became strained and pale, like the face of other man. Then he drew himself up with all another man. Then he drew himself up with an his old dignity.

"It is incredible," he said, slowly, "incredible, I could forgive much from you, but this is serious. I cannot pass it over. I will appeal at once to the British Consul,"

"Yes," said I, "he is anxious to see you, he says, and so are the people in Scotland Yard. But you can appeal later. Just now paying is more in your line."

Challoner sat looking at me, calm, dignified, silent. After a moment he said: "I cannot resilent.

challoner sat looking at me, caim, dignided.
silent. After a moment he said: "I cannot regret your actions to-day, as I thought you were a gentleman. Now, you are unmasked. But in one way I do regret them, as they have spoiled for me the little surprise I had in store for you."

spoiled for me the little surprise I had in store for you."
"What do you mean?" I asked, sharply.
"I mean," said Challoner, "that I have found the thief and recovered the money—in part." "I mean," said Challoner, "that I have found the thief and recovered the money in part."

For a full minute I sat and stared at Challoner, astounded at such marvellous effrontery and such consummate acting. His manner was unembarrassed, his voice clear and steady, and his attitude casy and natural, yet I had enough evidence to convict him of having been a bogus medium and clairvoyant, an embezzler of church funds, and a remarkably clever blackmailer. But, as I looked at his composure under my attack, I almost admired him.

"Well?" said Challoner expectantly.
"Pay me my money," I replied.
"On one condition," he said.
"This," said Challoner. "Ridiculous as your charges are, fate seems to have placed me in your power for the moment. How do I know but that after I pay you you will have measurested! Will you promise that after I pay I shall go free?"

"Yes," said L." I promise."

Then he went to your room, locking the door after him so I couldn't help you if you called. Then he robbed you.

"But," I persisted, "how, after robbing me, could he have gone out through that door and left ti locked on the inside?"

"He didn't go out," said Challoner. "He staid where he was, and followed you into my room when you unlocked the door. Then he slipped noiselessly into the hall through my open door, pulled it to, and left for—I wish I knew where. The man who did it was an expert, trust lo that."

The thought of the man's having been in the room with me, perhaps close to me, as I fumbled with the knob in the darkness, sent the coid chills running down my spine. Still the theory seemed the only possible one.

"Besides," pursued Challoner, "there's about the proof that he did so. He must have robbed me first, because after he robbed you he had no time to do so. The fact that the door was locked on the inside when you got to it proved he was still in the room. Lastly, we found your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled, purse in my room, where he had evidency in the head robbed your rifled in the room had been attacked you, or both of us, had he must have come hack in the proving head of the head of the head robbed your rifled in the room had been attacked

I threw the notes on the table and looked him squarely in the face.

"Challoner," said I. "this farce has got to stop. Will you pay, or will you not?"

"I have just money to get home with," said Challoner. "In view of that fact, do you insirt?"

"I do!" said I.

He bowed slightly and said sneeringly: "You can speak plain English at least." Then searching in his pockets he produced four notes of 100 and one of 50 francs, and laid them on the table with the others.

"That is still 50 short," I said. "Besides, I had about 50 more in my purse."

about 50 more in my purse."

For answer he took a handful of coppers and small silver from one of his pockets and pulled the others inside out, replacing them one pulled the others have by one.
"I think I will go now," he said, coldly rising "I think I will go now," he said, coldly rising to his feet.
"Wait a moment," I said. "When you left Florence you forgot this. I'erhaps you would like to have it again," and I withdrew from my pocket the little photograph found in his room.
"Yes," said Challoner quickly, "I would. It's the only picture I ever had taken. Done by a friend, now dead -I value it highly."
"See do I." I replied. "So highly, in fact, that I would only be willing to part with it in exchange for my watch."
"Your what!" he said letting fall his out.

"So do J." I replied. "So highly, in fact, that I would only be willing to part with it in exchange for my watch."

"Your what!" I repeated. "Don't think I believed for a moment that you had caught the thief. You took desperate chances that night, but then the storm helped you, and you were quick-witted enough to take advantage of it. No wonder I didn't hear you, in that uproar. Well, you robbed me, got into your own room, shut that noiseless door, and the lack you had so cleverly altered worked faithfully, giving you ample time to hide your booty and slip into bed while I was groping blindly for the door I supposed open. At first that trick baffled me complictly, but the lock was too finely adjusted. It became automatic and I discovered the trick. Still I did not suspect you till resently. Then, link by link, I came at the truth. Since then you have been traced. You barely escaped the police in Venice, and when I stepped in here I thought you were on your way to Switzerland. Chance brought us together and I have recovered my money. Now I want my watch."

As I finished. Challoner, who had been gazing absently over my head, suddenly said, as though recollecting:

"Ah, yes: your watch! I had quite forgotten. The beggar had pawned it, of course, but I recovered it. Here it is:" and to my amazement he produced my watch from one of the pockets I had just seen turned inside out and laid it on the lable. Apparently this man could do everything but be honest.

I examined it inside and out, and it was undoubtedly my watch, uninjured, and ticking merrily. I handed him the picture, and as he allently put it in his pocket, I said.

"You needn't bother to destroy that picture. Challoner."

"You needn't bother to destroy that picture, Challoner."
"I don't intend to," he said coldly, "Well, it wouldn't be any use, because I've

"Well, it wouldn't be any use, because I've had it copied for the police."
Challoner lifted a chair on which his head rested, and I thought he would strike me, but after a meanent he dropped it with a little gasp and stood leaning on it, moistening his lips like

a sick man. When he could trust himself to speak he said with a little smile!

"It's a pity you have the outward appearance of a gentleman. I regret I cannot be always with you to undeceive people."

I think I would have laughed at him but for the tragic touch in it all. The desperate struggle to piny his part of innocence; to appear respectable; to hide his shame if it killed him.

"Challoner." I said. "you shall go free, sa I have promised, but Florence is not a good place for you now. Leave here to-night. In half an hour from now police pursuit will stop. But that is not all. The copies of your picture are mine. Show me reasonable proof of your gelting on honeatly, of trying to really be the gentleman you once were, and I will suppress the photographs and do all I can to help you. What do you say?"

bhotographs and do all I can to help you. What do you say?"

He turned half from me, scraping the gravel with his stick. Twice he fingered his whistcoat pocket nervously, and once he half extended his hand. Then he turned, bowed slightly, and walked away, pulling on his gloves.

At the door he dropped a small coin into the hand of the obsequious waiter who bowed him out, and stood a moment buttoning his glove, the picture of easy contentment. I waited a minute after he had gone and then went direct to the police station.

minute after he had gone and then went direct to the police station.

I know that Challener left Florence that night, because he was "shadowed," and the "shadow" further reported that he had tendered a 500-franc bank note in payment for his ticket to tenoa. I understand now his nervous lingering at his pocket.

Two years later, in Seville, where American dentists and oil stoves were all therage, I passed one night a flaming placard at a theatre door headed: "Mr. Cranford Hughes, Marvellous American Magician!" I bought a ticket, entered, and turned my gaze toward my compatriot on the stage.

It was Challoner.

Is at the show out, and it was very good, but

It was Challoner.

I sat the show out, and it was very good, but at the end I missed Challoner. Next day, when I tried, he had gone no one knew where. Now when there is a storm at night I light the lights for company, and ponder about that dreadful night and those ghastly white hands. I know Challoner did them. But how?

#### THE AMERICAN HEART ANALYZED Deductions Drawn from the Character of 1.000 Popular Songs.

If the gentleman who wished to write the songs of a land were still alive and wanted to furnish this country with its ballads, words and music, in cheap, popular form, he would find that most of his time would be occupied in composing sentimental ditties. It may therefore be argued, conversely, that if the songs of a land indicate the prevailing characteristic of the people, this is a distinctly sentimental nation. The premises for this assertion are established from an analysis and classification of a list of one thousand songs which come under the head of popular. In this list there are no translations, no classical compositions, not more than a dozen selections from operas, and no songs that are not in English or some dialect of English. Many of them are old songs, but they are favorites, and while the composers range from Dibdin to De Koven, and from Tom Moore to Dave Braham. these 1,000 songs-as much by reason of their ever-green topics and lasting music as because of their recent publication can safely be called the popular songs of the day.

In order to get at the relative popularity of the thousand popular songs, they were first grouped under the two main heads of Serious and Comic, the result showing that, so far as the lyric leanings of the people go. Americans take that form of amusement quite as seriously as the English are supposed to take all their amusement. The figures give 769 serious popular songs, against 231 comics. In the face of the large circulation of comic papers, the high favor in which the American humorist stands, and the crowds at the comic operas, this certainly is a peculiar showing. It would seem to prove that while Americans publicly give countenance to humor, deep in their heart they prefer the serious things of life, its loves

and its babies, its memories and its mothers.

A further analysis of the list showed that the serious songs were of a sufficiently composite serious songs were of a sufficiently composite character to allow of segregating therefrom those which dwelt solely and clearly on such tender themes as Love, Mother, Religion, Home, Raby, Romance, Patriotism, and what may be called Sentiment. Next it was seen that the songs of two races were sufficiently numerous to form separate classes, the Irish and negro, so that with these subdivisions the classification was made under the eleven following heads: Comic, Sentimental, Romantic, Patriotic, Religious, Mother, Home, Love, Baby, Irish, and us, Mother, Home, Love, Haby, Irish, an egro. The classification then gave the follow ng result, with the songs arranged in the orde

No. of Songs. Totals. 1.000 100.00

In order that thereader may arrive at a true estimate of the American heart, as revealed by the relative popularity of songs, the plan of classification adopted should be made clear, and this cannot be better done than by giving a few examples of each class. By haby songs is neant those that are directly addressed or that refer to babies, such as "Baby Mine." "The Habies on Our Block," "Baby Darling," "My Little One's Waiting for Me," and "The Cot in the Cornes"

for examples of each class. By baby songs is meant those that are directly addressed or that refer to babies, such as "Haby Mine." "The Habies on Our Block," "Baby Darling," "My Little One's Waiting for Me," and "The Cot in the corner."

Similarly, by home and mother songs are meant those directly treating of these two subjects, such as "I've No Home Now." Good News From Home." "The Ring My Mother Wore." "Come Sit by My Side, Mother." and "A Flower I Found in Mother's Bible."

The religious songs are such popularized hymns as "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "In the Sweet Ry and By," and such others as have been carried from the hymnal to the songster.

The patriotic songs include and only those of this land, such as "Marching Through Georgia," "Star-songled Banner," "Dixle's Land," and "The Faued Coat of Bine," but also the national anthems in English of other countries, for which there seems to be a constant demand.

The negro songs include alike the sentimental, religious, and comic, whether "Old Black Joe," "Oh. Dem Golden Slippers," or "There's a New Coon in Town."

By romantic songs is meant such stirring, descriptive, and heroic ballads as "The Anchor's Weighod," "Bold Brennan on the Mor." "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," "Larboard Watch," and "The Johnstown Flood."

The lows songs are such as relate to love, apart from the sentimental, such as "Come, Sit by My Side, Little Darling," "I'll Remember You, Love, in My Pravers." "The Waiting, My Darling, for Thee," and "Dearest May."

Of the Irish songs is should be said that they include the patriotic, the comic, and those of love. Fully one-third of them are such patriotic lays as "Wearing of the Green," "Exile of Erin," "Paddy's Land, and "Erin, Remember the Days of Old." The bonance are about equally divided among such love songs as "Wearing of the Green," "Exile of Erin," "Paddy's Land, and "Erin, Remember the Days of Old." The bonance are about equally divided among such love songs as "Herefolder May of the Seate of the Seate of the Seate of the Seate of th

lar songs means something more than temporary music half favorities or a fleeing public fancy.

## The Ffshes in Long Island Sound.

From the Greenwich Graphie.

Sooner or later there will be scarcely any fish in the Sound unless something is done to prevent the deatraction of them. A gradual dimination of sait water food fish is reported all along the coast. This destruction is caused in most cases by wiful violation of game laws. The fish phosphate factories, for instance, cause the disappearance of immense quantities of bluefish, bass, and scoup. The gill nets at the entrance to bays and harbors have almost exterminated the striped bass, which once was very plentiful, while carly every spring pound nets are set for alewives, flatfieb, smets, and flounders, and these are caught by the ton and spread upon the ground as fertilizer. The most obstructive nets probably are the pounds, since they are made of fine meshed netting and cover an immense strea. In some instances these nets are 4,000 feet in length, and naturally catch immense quantities of canoers, killies, butterfish, white perch, and young fry of the blackfish and such has which frequent our waters. From the Greenwich Graphic.

OUR NEW STEEL PLEET.

Mow It Compares with Foreign Fleets, and What It Most Regaires,

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23. Although both the number, and the types of the war vessels required by the United States must be fixed according to our own standards, yet since the need of any war vessels at all has at its very base protection against possible attack, it is well to observe what other countries are doing. Secretary Herbert recently caused to be con

piled some statistics on this subject which show that England has 43 battle ships, 12 coast defenders, and 18 armored cruisers in service, and 10 battle ships building: France has 43 armored vessels built and 20 authorized and building; Russia's numbers are 40 and 14, respectively; Germany's, 32 and 3; Italy's, 18 and 10; Tur key's, 18 and 2, and so on with other powers Even Holland has 25 armored coast defenders in actual service, and Sweden and Norway 20 Such facts should not be ignored, because they indicate the classes of vessels which the experence of other nations approves, some of which also our own navy might have to meet. These grrays are supplemented by many un

armored vessels. Thus England, taking together protected cruisers, ordinary cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo vessels exclusive of torpedo boxts has 238 such war vessels in service and 48 authorized and building. The numbers for France are 147 and 24; for Spain, which is very strong in fast unarmored vessels, 90 and 28; for Italy 72 and 10; for Germany, 39 and 1; for Russia 52 and 2; for Sweden and Norway, 54, and so on

The pending bill for the increase of our navy however, did not provide any more unarmores cruisers, for several reasons. One is that our proportion of such vessels is already sufficiently large, while more battle ships are absolutely needed, and have the additional advantage of furnishing coast and harbordefence. The House Naval Committee, in its report, called attention to the fact that in the Yaluengagement the

furnishing coast and harbordefence. The House Naval Committee, in its report, called attention to the fact that in the Yalu engagement the Japanese fire was for a great part of the time mostly concentrated against the two Chinese battle ships, one of which is said to have been hit about 400 times. Yet these two vessels were so slightly injured that if they had had more ammunition they might have renewed the battle with almost unumpaired efficiency. "It is a question," says the report, "whether if they had been properly manned and handled the Japanese would have been victorious." One of the arguments against battle ships in the House debate was that "the heavy armor plates make them top heavy, in addition to the immense armament they carry," and that for this reason." such vessels are not seagoing vessels." Whatever may be true as to certain types or individual specimens of foreign-built armorelads, our own battle ships of the Indiana class have been specially examined by a Board on Stability, and have been found to be absolutely spit that could be desired in that respect. There does not appear to be the slightest doubt of their stability, according to the findings of this Board, and yet they are extraordinary in their combination of heavy armor and heavy armament. As to the custom of keeping battle ships in hume, waters, that simply shows that their primary purpose is to serve as a first line of defence. Buttle ships are very expensive to paintain, and the expense can be greatly reduced in home ports where the crews can be smaller and the items for coal and for wear and tear are less.

Indeed, it should be kept in mind that if has never been the intention to retain all our hattle ships in commission. As far as possible, after being well tested, they will perhaps be laid up in ordinary and commissioned from time to time for brief periods. The service on distant stations and for peace purposes generally can be performed chiefly by cruisers and amail gunboats. England, sithough she has important possessions all ov

and the Ericsson, must have more, and should have them at once.

To learn what foreign nations are doing, resort may again be had to Secretary Herbert's statistics, which show that France has 217 torpedo boats in service and 42 authorized and building: England, 165 and 64 respectively; Italy, 178 and 11; Russia, 163 and 14; Germany, 110 and 8. The contrast between such figures and our total of three built and three more authorized is greater than that between our armorelads and cruisers and those of other powers, Even countries that are inferior to us in total naval power far auroass us in torpedo boats. Thus Austria has 64, Greece has 51, and in total inival power far airpass us in torpedo boats. Thus Austria has 64, Greece has 51, and Holland fias 39. Even Argentina, Brazil, and Chillare credited with 22 cach in service, while Japan, which has 26 in service, has 23 others authorized and building. Certainly she has paid for them over and over again by what torpedoes did for her at Wei-Hai-Wei.

The leading appropriations asked of this Congress for the navy by the pending bill justify themselves in aimost every respect. Taking theiraselves the appropriations for reserve guns and ammunition, the country is now paying subsidies to the Paris and New York, conditioned on their being ready to serve the Government, and yet we have no reserve guns for them it they should be so chartered. England used also to-pay them subsidies, but she had guns and gun majints to put on board.

There is good reason to believe that when the bill passed by the House has been voted upon by the Senate, and the disputed points adjusted in conference, it will form a good contribution to the building up of the fleet.

#### GOLD IN ALASKA. Dr. Day Says There Is Plenty of the Metal

on the Yucan River and Its Feeders, WASHINGTON, Feb. 20 .- Dr. Day, the mineraogical expert of the Geological Survey, says there is plenty of gold in Alaska, and that great deal of money could be made there if some company would undertake to furnish transportation facilities for reaching the mines. The Treadwell mine, which is the only grea capitalized mineral property in Alaska, is one of the most profitable in the world, but that is due not so much to the richness of the ore as to the practical business ability and economy shown in its management. "There are hundreds of mines in this cour

try," said Dr. Day, "with much richer deposits

than are found on the Treadwell property that do not pay at all, while that one yields big diviiends. It is simply a matter of prudent and able management. The same can be said of the Homestake mine at Deadwood, which is very similar in the character of its ore and in its methods of management. On the Yukon River and its branches and feeders there is plenty of placer gold, and the further you go up the better gets, but there is no way to reach that country except by crossing the mountains on foot from Sitks, or by going up the Yukon River in the spring when it is clear of ice. A little teamer commences running every year about April and makes regular trips for the benefit of ourists and miners until the water freezes up in the fail, but owing to the rapids it is able to go ont a comparatively short distance, and then the miners have to get canoes, dugouts, and other boats and make the rest of the distance the best they can. The current is swift, the journey is slow, and of the distance the best they can. The current is swift, the journey is slow, and attended with great danger. The miners carry supplies for the entire season, and if they happen to meet with an accident they are entirely dependent upon the generosity of others. They go up as early as they can in the spring and stay as late as they can in the fail, but they scarcely ever get more than six months' work out of the year. They make good wages as a rule, but there is a great deal of luck about it, and most of the work is done with no other facilities than a pick and a pan. Occasionally some proud and haughty capitalist brings in a cradie, and his name is celebrated for enterprise all through the camp. The winter is terribly cold and long and dreary, and unless a man is very well housed and has plenty of provisions he would not do well to remain in the camp after snow files. Two or three years ago an Englishman wintered way up the Yukon, but he did not leave his cabin the entire senson. When he came away he swore that the aurora horealis was not visible at the latitude of the Yukon River, but it turned out that he had never been out of his cabin, and the windows all looked the other way. If a company should organize to develop those regions for gold, as the flutson Bay Company worked British America for fare, it would make a great deal more money. There is plenty of coal in Alaska." Dr. Day added, "and there are lead mines within the arctic circle."

THE ARMY AND ITS AFFAIRS.

The Awards of Stars General Condition of the Service What Inspections Suggest,

Washington, Feb. 21.-With adjournment near, little more legislation is expected for the army. There is but small chance, for example, that the reorganization bill will be considered since the House Committee on Rules has refused to assign time for its consideration. Mr. Outhwaite, the Chairman of the Military Committee, who has shown great activity and suc cess in pushing through army matters, is also a member of the Rules Committee, so that if he could not get the assignment of a day the case must indeed be desperate.

Only by unantmous consent was tier. Scho field's promotion pushed through. Here it may be added that others share the Licettenant-General's fortune, for his son, Capt. Schoffeld, Second Cavalry, and Capt. T. H. Bliss of the Commissary Department have been re appointed by him as sides, with promotion while so acting to the rank and pay of ant-Colonel, as the law silows. He has also his perquisite as Lieutenant-General of a military secretary, with the rank of Lleutenant-Colone and has appointed Lieut. Col. Wherry, Second Infantry, to that post. With Mayor Strong's appointment of Gen. Schofield's son-in-law to be Police Commissioner, the month has certainly been prolific in valentines in that quarter. While Gon, Ruger has duly received the nom-ination to be Major-General, to fill the vacancy

caused by Gen. Schoffeld's promotion, the nomi nation of a Colonel to be Brigadier-General in Gen, Ruger's place still hangs fire. The list of the ranking candidates has already been given in these columns, and in addition the name of Col. D. S. Gordon, Sixth avalry, who is now stationed near by, at Fort Myer, is mentioned, although one drawback would be the very large number of competent and able Colonels over whose heads he would have to be jumped. Two of the candidates who have been connected very long with the army are Col. Z. H. Bliss Twenty-fourth Infantry, and Col. H. W. Closson, Fourth Artillery, who both entered West Point in 1850. It has been suggested that a delay may be made in the appointment of new Brigadier-General, inasmuch as under the

West Point in 1850. It has been suggested that a delay may be made in the appointment of a new Brigadier-General, inasmuch as under the present arrangement all the department commands are now filled either by Major-Generals or Brigadier-Generals, so that a new general officer would be left without such a command. But it would seem more in accordance with what is just, in conferring promotions, that the new appointment should follow closely upon Gen. Ruger's continuation. Of course, in September, when Gen. Schofield retires and Gen. Milestakes command of the army, there will be no general officer without a specific compand.

While these avenues of promotion for the line have been opened, some others have been shut. The new Army act provides, as may be noted, for reductions in the numbers of the lowest grades of the Subsistence and Pay corps. These reductions are to be effected simply by making no appointments to vacancies that exist or may hereafter exist in those grades. In one of the corps several vacancies did exist, and applications from line officers were on file for appointment. As a partial consolation, there are also vacancies in the Quartermaster's Department which are open to appointments from the line.

The reduction of Subsistence and Pay officers was urged by Secretary Lamont, who showed that it was entirely practicable. The Secretary has slimost made a specialty of reducing army expenses, although in this particular case one offset is the increased pay and expenses due to making Gen. Schoffield a Lieutenant-General. One of the next reductions to which the Secretary is expected to devote himself is that in the cost of travel for the inspection of posts. The manner in which this is expected to be accomplished is the grouping of posts for inspection, otherwise than by departments so that an Inspect. Hone posts which are nearest to him, whether they belong to his department or not.

Speaking of the Inspector-General's Department, it may be mentioned that one of the annual reports of Gen. Breckinridge,

thus furnished beforehand, the post schools can rely on a greater average advancement. Gen. Breckinridge recommends giving first and second class certificates to those who receive a common-school education in post schools, and that, as a stimulus to exertion, the first-class certificates should carry with them a small increase of pay.

The Signal Corps and Hospital Corps, it would appear, are efficient, but it is suggested that the latter ought not to be drilled with weapons at all, because there is an impropriety in furnishing them with arms. Still, it is evident that in conflicts with wild Indian tribes that have very little respect either for the duties or the immunities of the Red Cross, the Hospital Corps men might be in a situation where familiarity with arms would be of considerable use to them. But it is suggested that any exceptional emergencies would be provided for by always selecting the Hospital Corps from old soldiers.

#### FOR BETTER PROTECTION OF SHIPS. A Shipbuilder's Idea of Strengthening the Sides of Passenger Craft.

"In the various comments on the loss of the steamship Elbe and the lessons to be learned therefrom," said one of the best known of the younger shipbuilders on the Atlantic coast to a Sun reporter last week, "I have failed to find a suggestion of what seems to me to be of great importance. It is that the double bottom which is now built in all our first-class vessels should be extended up the sides of the vessels to the first deck above the water line. The space be-tween the inner and outer skins should be filled, as is done with our men-of-war, with cellulose or some other obturating material, so that in case of collision the rush of the water could be

kept out and the chances of sinking lessened. "The builders of first-class passenger ships have much to learn from the construction of the modern war ships, if they would produce a craft that is a nearer approach to the unsinkable vessel to which all are looking forward. They must also have a drill of their crews several times at sea during a voyage, where every man will know his post and be prepared to do his duty on the instant. The boats should be

man will know his post and be prepared to do his duty on the instant. The boats should be lowered and preparations maile for abandoning ship, such as the crews of the men-of-war go through constantly. Then, in case of a collision, the loss of life will be reduced to a minimum.

"The man-of-war and the first-class passenger ship both have twin screws nowadays. The war ship, however, has an inner and outer skin, and this is not only filled with cellulose, but is subdivided by numerous builtheads of very light but strong metal. In case of a wound in the huil of the ship, the water will swell the cellulose and the leak he arrested partially. If not too serious, the rush of the water will be stopped entirely. Moreover, the war ship is equipmed with leak arresters and collision mats and has numerous life ratts. The life-saving equipment of passenger ships usually consists of a few boats, so tied up and stowed away that they are reached and launched with difficulty. There are no cellision mats, and even the means of stopping a burst in an air port is usually larking. The builtheads are few and the doors between them almost invariably open.

Now, if a transatiantic company should make a craft with all the builtheads soild, as some of them already are, and, in addition, should extend the double bottom up the aldes above the water line with numerous subdivisions, each filled with a water absorbent, the extra excesse would be a arrious matter, but I am sure the traffic attracted thereby would be so large that it would be a paying investment in the long run. I am sure that had it been known that the Gas-ogne was equipped in this manner, there would have been very little anxiety as to her safety.

"The only dangers of moment to the large passenger ships of the present day are from fire and collision. They will withstand any storm that the ocean can back tur. There is an clusteral to a woody nature that will not burn easily when coated with uninfammable material in passenger boats that dees not exist in war ships. The lighte

# SAILORMEN OF THE EAST.

THE TURBANED LASCARS FOUND

ON SOME BRITISH STEAMSHIPS, They Have Driven White Sallove Of the

Vessels Trading to the East Giant Na-Grow Rich from Tips as Stewards One sees now and then along the New York water front thin-legged dark brown men with small, velvely black eyes and snaky black hair these are the Lascars, and they invariably be long to British ships trading to the East. The Lascar is the sailorman of the British East In dies. The word means army servant in Hindus tan, and the Lascars have been saliors for many generations. Those that now sail on the great steamers trading between Great Britain and her Oriental possessions are descendants of those that sailed the ships of John Company

> many thousands of them are affort. It used to be that the native East Indian sailor came no further west than Suez, where westbound travellers took caravan for Alexandris before the canal was dug. Only British sailors were found in the Mediterranean. The change came with a strike of Reitish sailors, when a few Lascars were shipped in place of the strikers. and now the Lascars have driven the whites out of all the ships trading to the East. The Lascar has the virtues of sobriety and obedience, though the British sailors say he is a coward not to be trusted in shipwreck. It is only fair to say that there is a variety of opinions on this point, and the evidence is conflicting. The Lascar certainly is a fatalist, and when he is convinced that death is inevitable he simply waits without effort for its approach.

The Luscars are of Hindu origin but are devout

Mohammedans. They are hired wholesale from

native shipping agents in East Indian ports, and

The Lascar as seen aboard ship is a thinly class, wiry man with bare feet. He does won-ders with his toes. When a rope is to be picked up he uses his toes for the purpose, and he ascends the mast by sticking his big toes in the links of the great chains.

The boatswain is the leader of the Lascars.

He is usually an oldish man, with gray hair and a beard dyed red and brushed in the hay-stack. struck-by-lightning style. He has a wonderful Oriental whistle hung about his neck, and his crew are absolutely obedient to its notes. The boatswain often becomes much attached to a particular ship or Captain, and in turn has many faithful Lascar followers, so that the favorite Captain is sure of a boatswain and crew. It is the rule to ship a crew for the round voyage, and the companies shrewdly endeavor to pay off in the British Indian ports where the rupee is the unit money and is arbitrarily valued above its worth in English money by the ship's accountant. However, when the Lascar is paid off in a Chinese port he is paid in dollars, and here the

gain is often on his side. The Lascar on a Sunday is an object of picturesque interest. The crew are mustered on deek, and every man appears clad in a clean white gown with a gorgeous silk cummerbund or sash at the waist and a gay turban. The Lascar is not permitted to go about aboard ship in his native skin as he would at home, but he usually comes aboard in rags, and he possesses little or nothing in the way of clothing. The law requires, however, that his employers shall serve out to him warm garments, and accordingly, you see the Lascar going about the London docks clad in a pea jacket, warm trousers, and boots, these last a peculiar discomfort to a man with prehensile feet never clad at any other time. He sticks to his turban, however, even in London, and you see him going about the crowded and disreputable thoroughfares of the dock region, turban on head, bearing all sorts of Oriental trilles for sale, for the Lascar is a born trader.

Along with the Lascar able seaman comes the Lascar boy, who is the punks wallah. That, is, it is his business to sit on der k while the ship is passing through the tropics and pull the rope that keeps the tans going in the saloon. These children are scattered all over the reast India steamers, and they grow up to be able seamen and to fill the places of their fathers. Children and parents are fed on the simplest food, ghee, or rancid butter, unlimited rice, and a little mutton curry. There is, however, in every ship's company the sea lawyer that leads a complaining deputation to protest against the food, and woe to the new purser that weakly eximite sympathy with the complaint for his life will be rendered miscrable throughout the voyage. A brown and patient complainant will meet him at every turn, and but that the Lagcar never mutines, trouble might follow the given of the through accusable to the work of the gratings over the boilers gambler, and when not husy below they are seen about the gratings over the boilers gambler, and when not hus below they are seen about the gratings over the boilers ga The Lascar on a Sunday is an object of picturesque interest. The crew are mustered on deck.

nomesickness. Sometimes he decomes considering from no physical disease he turns his face to the wall and refuses to eat until death comes. The ship's surgeon can only give the cause of death the learned name of nostalgia. The Nubians are also Mohammedans, and they and the Lascars pray the set number of times every day, kneeling on prayer rugs with their faces toward Mecca.

Of course the British ships are officered by whites, but the steward is usually a Goanese, which means a mongrel Portuguese from Gos, a devout Catholic, with inherited superstitions from native ancestors. Gos, by the way, is the most Catholic of Oriental cities, and it still has the Passion Play at Easter. The Goanese steward gets rich on tips and the like, and becomes an important person at home. A British merchant Captain on landing at Goa recognized a former steward in a gorzeously caparisoned fellow holding an official place of some importance under the Portuguese Government.

All this strange company on board the British East Indian ships speaks with more or less fluency some but or dialect of Hindustani. Every officer anxious for promotion must learn this old lingua tranca, or camp language, and it is constantly heard aboard ship. Hindustani is really not a language in the true sense of the word, but a sort of mongrel tongue like the Yiddish. It is founded on Persian, with admixtures of fulgersti, Mahuratti, and other native languages, and a liberal admixture of oddly transformed English words. The Indian sentinel ories "Hookumdah?" which is merely who comes there; and there are many other recognizable English phrases, together with some that are lattered quite out of shape. The Hindustani varies in different localities and with men of different occupations. The lascars all know it, and many of them probably speak no other dialect. The Nublans, who dountless speak a corrupt Arabic, pick up Hindustani from the Lascars in different localities and with men of different occupations. The lascars all the ship hears the tropica, but they suf

## THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW It is Appreciated Whent Pett'at the Four-

ternth Street Cable Crossing.

The strong arm of the law can be felt promptly

and effectively by any one who does not mind his eye in crossing Broadway at the cable curve on the south side of Fourteenth street. The Broadway pilots at Twenty-third street, Fifth avenue and Broadway are persuasive and not abrupt in holding you back from the jams there, for they have to contend only against lines of horse cars, the stage line, processions of carhorse cars, the stage line, processions of carriages, regiments of tracks, flying squadrons of smart delivery wagons, mail carts, express inggerants, courses, hansoms, and maniacal butcher carts. That's nothing much. Any of those can be stopped. They seldom are, but they can be, or, at least, checked so that the patient police plots can disentangle you before you've more than been bruised and frightened. But at the Fourteenth street cable curve stern repressive measures are peressary to prevent the speedy depopulation of the Island. There is so much general racket and beauing and veiling and ringing and clanging and rearing and howing and crush and confrision there that the dazed pedestrian generally fails to distinguish any individual cause of alarm, and if uniucky fate compels him to cross there he breathes a silent prayer and rushes maily ou. If a cable car lappens to be rushing around the corner from Union square, and one issually does happen just then, the pelestrian suidenly bamps up against what he first thinks is an iron bay let down by Providence for he delivery. When he opens his eyes to see, he discovers that the har is the outstretched arm of the policeman on duty there. Other pedestrians file up behind and crush and crowd and scream, but the bev remains rigid natifithe carthunders past and then is let down. It is very comforting. riages, regiments of trucks, flying squadrons of